THE GRAND ARMY.

In the morning the Grand Army marches
out to fight for bread,
There is many a wounded soldier, many a
bruised and bleeding head,
There is many, many a marcher who
would gladly run away
To be henceforth free from going, weak
and weary, to the fray;
There are few that ever hear
The sweet accent of a cheer,
There are many that lie pulseless, at
the closing of the day.

No flags are waved above it as the Army
marches past,
There is no clink-clank of sabers and no
bugle's shrilling blast;
The soldiers wear no trappings made to
dazzle and to thrill
And they hear no shout of "Bravo!" for
their courage or their skill;
As the great Grand Army comes
There is no loud roll of drums,
No applauding, since the soldiers do not
march away to kill.

In the morning the Grand Army, with its
boy recruits in line,
Marches bravely out to duty in the field
and mill and mine,
Goes to give its country glory, goes to
make it great and strong,
Goes to build the walls and bridges, goes
to labor hard and long;
Through the snow and through the rain,
Torn with woe and racked with pain,
Forth the soldiers march to battle, hope-
less or with hope and song.

There will be no honors waiting, there
will be no grand review
For the soldiers who go trudging where
the fields are damp with dew,
Nor the ones whose feet are wearing the
hard pavements thin, nor those
Who go down the shafts through dark-
ness to meet stealthy, formless foes,
For the war will never cease
And there never can be peace
For the weather-stained battallons till
the angel's trumpet blows.

In the morning the Grand Army bravely
marches forth to fight
For the love of little children, for the
sake of doing right,
For the bridges and the passes so that
Progress may push on,
And there's many a wounded soldier,
many a weary one and wan,
Whom a cheer would strengthen so,
But, uncheered, we let them go,
For they merely march to labor and have
no fine weapons drawn.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald

D'ri and I

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

A thought came flying through my brain with the sting of an arrow.

"She must not be deceived. I have not any noble blood in me. I am only the son of a soldier-farmer and have my fortune to make," said I, quickly.

"That is only a little folly," she answered, laughing. "Whether you be rich or poor, prince or peasant, she cares not a snap of her finger. Ciel! Is she not a republican, has she not money enough?"

"Nevertheless, I beg you to say, in your letter, that I have nothing but my word and my honor."

As we rode along I noted in my book the place and time we were to meet the captives. The marquis joined us at the Hermitage, where a stable-boy watered our horses. Three servants were still there, the others being now in the count's service.

If any place give me a day's happiness it is dear to me, and the where I find love is forever sacred. I like to stand where I stood thinking of it, and there I see that those dear moments are as much a part of me as of history. So while Therese and the marquis got off their horses for a little parley with the gardener, I cantered up the north trail to where I sat awhile that delightful summer day with Louise. The grotto had now a lattice roofing of bare branches. Leaves, as red as her blush, as golden as my memories, came rattling through it, falling with a faint rustle. The big woods were as a gloomy and deserted mansion, with the lonely cry of the wind above and a ghostly rustle within where had been love and song and laughter and all delight.

CHAPTER XIX.

D'ri and I left the chateau that afternoon, putting up in the red tavern at Morristown about dusk.

My companion rode away proudly, the medal dangling at his waistcoat lapel.

"Jerushy Jane!" said he, presently, as he pulled rein. "Ain't a-goin' t' hev thet floppin' there so—meks me feel luk a bird. Don't seem nohow nat'ral. Wha' d' ye s'pose he gin me thet air thing fer?"

He was putting it away carefully in his wallet.

"As a token of respect for your bravery," said I.

His laughter roared in the still woods, making my horse lift and snort a little. It was never an easy job to break any horse to D'ri's laughter.

"It's reedic'lous," said he, thoughtfully, in a moment.

"Why?"

"'Cause fer the reason why they don't no man deserve nuthin' fer doin' what he 'd orter," he answered, with a serious and determined look.

"You did well," said I, "and deserve anything you can get."

"Done my damdest!" said he. "But I did n't do nuthin' but git licked. Got shot an' tore an' slammed all over thet air deck, an' could n't do no harm t' nobody. Jes luk a hoss tied 'u the stall, an' a lot o' men whalin' 'im, an' a lot more try'n' t' scare 'im t' death."

"Wha' d' ye s'pose thet air thing's made uv?" he inquired, after a little silence.

"Silver," said I.

"Pure silver?"

"Undoubtedly," was my answer.

"Judas Priest!" said he, taking out his wallet again, to look at the trophy. "Thet air mus' be wuth suthin,."

"More than a year's salary," said I.

He looked up at me with a sharp whistle of surprise.

"Ain' no great hand fer sech flummydiddles," said he, as he put the medal away.

"It's a badge of honor," said I. "It shows you 're a brave man."

"Got 'nough on 'em," said D'ri. "This 'ere rip 'n the forehead's 'bout all the badge I need."

"It's from the emperor—the great Napoleon," I said. "It 's a mark of his pleasure."

"Wall, by Judas Priest!" said D'ri, "I would n't jump over a stump or a stun wall t' please no emp'ror, an' I would n't cut off my leetle finger fer a hull bushel basket o' them air. I hain't a-fightin' fer no honor."

"What then?" said I.

His face turned very sober. He pursed his lips, and spat across the ditch; then gave his mouth a wipe. and glanced thoughtfully at the sky.

"Fer liberty," said he, with decision. "Same thing my father died fer."

Not to this day have I forgotten it, the answer of old D'ri, or the look of him as he spoke. I was only a reckless youth fighting for the love of peril and adventure, and with too little thought of the high purposes of my country. The causes of the war were familiar to me; that proclamation of Mr. Madison had been discussed freely in our home, and I had felt some share in the indignation of D'ri and my father. This feeling had not been allayed by the bloody scenes in which I had had a part. Now I began to feel the great passion of the people, and was put to shame for a moment.

"Liberty—that is a grand thing to fight for," said I, after a brief pause.

"Swap my blood any time fer thet air," said D'ri. "I can fight sassy, but not fer no king but God A'mighty. Don't pay t' git all tore up less it 's fer suthin' purty middlin' vallyble. My life ain't wuth much, but, ye see, I hain't nuthin' else."

We rode awhile in sober thought, hearing only a sough of the wind above and the rustling hoof-beat of our horses in the rich harvest of the autumn woods. We were walking slowly over a stretch of bare moss when, at a sharp turn, we came suddenly in sight of a huge bear that sat facing us. I drew my pistol as we pulled rein, firing quickly. The bear ran away into the brush as I fired another shot.

"He 's hit," said D'ri, leaping off and bidding me hold the bit. Then, with a long stride, he ran after the fleeing bear. I had been waiting near half an hour when D'ri came back slowly, with a downhearted look.

"'T ain' no use," said he. "Can't never git thet bear. He 's got a flesh-wound high up in his hin' quarters, an' he 's travellin' fast."

He took a fresh chew of tobacco and mounted his horse.

"Terrible pity!" he exclaimed, shaking his head with some trace of lingering sorrow. "Ray," said he, soberly, after a little silence, "when ye see a bear lookin' your way, ef ye want 'im, always shute at the end thet's toward ye."

There was no better bear-hunter in the north woods than D'ri, and to lose a bear was, for him, no light affliction.

"Can't never break a bear's neck by shutin' 'im in the hin' quarters," he remarked.

I made no answer.

"Might jest es well spit 'n 'is face," he added presently; "jest eggzac'ly."

This apt and forceful advice calmed a lingering sense of duty, and he rode on awhile in silence. The woods were glooming in the early dusk when he spoke again. Something revived his contempt of my education. He had been trailing after me, and suddenly I felt his knee.

"Tell ye this, Ray," said he, in a kindly tone. "Ef ye wan' t' git a bear, got t' mux 'im up a leetle for'ard—right up n' the neighborhood uv 'is fo'c's'le. Don't dew no good t' shute 'is hams. Might es well try t' choke 'im t' death by pinchin' 'is tail."

We were out in the open. Roofs and smoking chimneys were silhouetted on the sky, and, halfway up a hill, we could see the candle-lights of the red tavern. There, in the bar, before blazing logs in a great fireplace, for the evening had come chilly, a table was laid for us, and we sat down with hearty happiness to tankards of old ale and a smoking haunch. I have never drunk or eaten with a better relish. There were half a dozen or so sitting about the bar, and all ears were for news of the army and all hands for our help. If we asked for more potatoes or ale, half of them rose to proclaim it. Between pipes of Virginia tobacco, and old sledge, and songs of love and daring, we had a memorable night. When we went to our room, near 12 o'clock, I told D'ri of our dear friends, who, all day, had been much in my thought.

"Was the letter writ by her?" he inquired.

"Not a doubt of it."

"Then it 's all right," said he. "A likely pair o' gals them air—no mistake."

"But I think they made me miss the bear," I answered.

"Ray," said D'ri, soberly, "when yer shutin' a bear, ef ye want 'im, don't never think o' nuthin' but the bear." Then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Won't never hev no luck killin' a bear ef ye don' quit dwellin' so on them air gals."

I thanked him, with a smile, and asked if he knew Eagle island.

"Be'n all over it half a dozen times," said he. "'T ain' no more 'n 20 rod from the Yankee shore, thet air island ain't. We c'u'l paddle there in a day from our cove."

And that was the way we planned to go—by canoe from our landing—and wait for the hour at Paleyville, a Yankee village opposite the island. We would hire a team there, and convey the party by wagon to Derayaville.

We were off at daybreak, and going over the hills at a lively gallop. Crossing to Caraway pike, in the Cedar meadows, an hour later, we stampeded a lot of moose. One of them, a great bull, ran ahead of us, roaring with fright, his antlers rattling upon bush and bough, his black bell hanging to the fern-tops.

"Don' never wan' t' hev no argyment with one o' them air chaps 'less ye know purty nigh how 't 's comin' out," said D'ri. "Alwus want a gun es well es a purty middlin' ca-a-areful aim on your side. Then ye re apt t' need a tree, tew, 'fore ye git through with it." After a moment's pause he added: "Got t' be a joemightyful stout tree, er he 'll shake ye out uv it luk a ripe apple."

"They always have the negative side of the question," I said. "Don't believe they 'd ever chase a man if he 'd let 'em alone."

"Yis, siree, they would," was D'ri's answer. "I 've hed 'em come right efter me 'fore ever I c'u'd lift a gun. Ye see, they 're jest es cur'us 'bout a man es a man is 'bout them. Ef they can't smell 'im they 're terrible cur'us. Jes' wan' t' see what 's inside uv 'im an' what k'nd uv a smellin' critter he is. Dunno es they wan' t' dew 'im any pertic'lar harm. Jes' wan' t' mux 'im over a leetle; but they dew it awful careless, an' he ain't never fit t' be seen no more."

He snickered faintly as he spoke.

"An' they don't nobody see much uv 'im efter thet, nuther," he added, with a smile.

"I 'member once a big bull tried t' find out the kind o' works I hed in me. 'T wa'n' no moose—jest a common or-d'nary three-year-ol' bull."

"Hurt you?" I queried.

"No; 't hurt 'im," said he, soberly. "Sp'ilt 'im, es ye might say. Could n't never bear the sight uv a man efter thet. Seem so he did n't think he wus fit t' be seen. Nobody c'u'd ever git 'n a m'ld o' th' poor cuss. Hed t' be shot."

"What happened?"

"Hed a stout club 'n my hand," said he. "Got holt uv 'is tail, an' begun a-whalin' uv 'im. Run 'im down a steep hill, an' passin' a tree, I tuk one side an' he t' other. We parted there fer the las' time."

He looked off at the sky a moment.

Then came his inevitable addendum, which was: "I hed a dam sight more tail 'an he did, thet 's sartin."

About ten o'clock we came in sight of our old home. Then we hurried our horses, and came up to the door with a rush. A stranger met us there.

"Are you Capt. Bell?" said he, as I got off my horse.

I nodded.

"I am one of your father's tenants," he went on. "Ride over the ridge yonder about half a mile, and you will see his house." I looked at D'ri and he at me. He had grown pale suddenly, and I felt my own surprise turning into alarm.

"Are they well?" I queried.

"Very well, and looking for you," said he, smiling.

We were up in our saddle, dashing out of the yard in a jiffy. Beyond the ridge a wide mile of smooth country sloped to the river margin. Just off the road a great house lay long and low in fair acres. Its gables were red-roofed, its walls of graystone half hidden by lofty hedges of cedar. We stopped our horses, looking off to the distant woods on each side of us.

"Can't be," said D'ri, soberly, his eyes squinting in the sunlight.

"Wonder where they live?" I remarked.

"All looks mighty cur'us," said he. "'T ain' no way nat'ral."

"Let's go in there and ask," I suggested.

We turned in at the big gate and rode silently over a driveway of smooth gravel to the door. In a moment I heard my father's hearty hello, and then my mother came out in a better gown than ever I had seen her wear. I was out of the saddle and she in my arms before a word was spoken. My father, hardy old Yankee, scolded the stamping horse, while I knew well he was only upbraiding his own weakness.

"Come, Ray; come, Darius," said my mother, as she wiped her eyes; "I will show you the new house."

A man took the horses, and we all followed her into the splendid hall, while I was filled with wonder and a mighty longing for the old home.

CHAPTER XX.

It was a fine house—that in which I spent many happy years back in my young manhood. Not, indeed, so elegant and so large as this where I am now writing, but comfortable. To me, then, it had an atmosphere of romance and some look of grandeur. Well, in those days I had neither a sated eye, nor gout, nor judgment of good wine. It was I who gave it the name of Fairacres that day when, coming out of the war, we felt its peace and comfort for the first time, and, dumfounded with surprise, heard my mother tell the story of it.

"My grandfather," said she, "was the Chevalier Ramon Ducet de Trouville, a brave and gallant man who, for no good reason, disinherited my father. The property went to my uncle, the only other child of the chevalier, and he, as I have told you, wrote many kind letters to me, and sent each year a small gift of money. Well, he died before the war—it was in March—and, having no children, left half his fortune to me. You, Ramon, will remember that long before you went away to the war a stranger came to see me one day—a stout man, with white hair and dark eyes. Do you not remember? Well, I did not tell you then, because I was unable to believe that he came to bring the good news. But he came again after you left us, and brought me money—a draft on account. For us it was a very large sum, indeed. You know we have always been so poor, and we knew that when the war was over there would be more and a-plenty coming. So, what were we to do? 'We will build a home,' said I; 'We will enjoy life as much as possible. We will surprise Ramon. When he returns from the war he shall see it, and be very happy.' The architect came with the builders, and, voila! the house is ready, and you are here, and after so long it is better than a fortune to see you. I thought you would never come."

She covered her face a moment, while my father rose abruptly and left the room. I kissed the dear hands that long since had given to heavy toil their beauty and shapeliness.

But enough of this, for, after all, it is neither here nor there. Quick and unexpected fortune came to many a pioneer, as it came to my mother, by inheritance, as one may see if he look only at the records of one court of claims—that of the British.

"Before long you may wish to marry," said my mother, as she looked up at me proudly, "and you will not be ashamed to bring your wife here."

I vowed, then and there, I should make my own fortune—I had Yankee enough in me for that—but, as will be seen, the wealth of heart and purse my mother had, helped in the shaping of my destiny. In spite of my feeling, I know it began quickly to hasten the life-currents that bore me on. And I say, in tender remembrance of those very dear to me, I had never a more delightful time than when I sat by the new fireside with all my clan—its number as yet undiminished—or went roistering in wood or field with the younger children.

The day came when D'ri and I were to meet the ladies. We started early that morning of the 12th. Long before daylight we were moving rapidly down-river in our canoes.

I remember seeing a light flash up and die away in the moonlit mist of the river soon after starting.

"The boogy light!" D'ri whispered "There 't goes ag'in!"

I had heard the river folk tell ofter of this weird thing—one of the odd phenomena of the St. Lawrence.

"Comes alwus where folks hev been drownded," said D'ri. "Thet air 's what I 've hearn tell."

It was, indeed, the accepted theory of the fishermen, albeit many saw in the boogy light a warning to mark the place of forgotten murder, and bore away.

The sun came up in a clear sky and soon, far and wide, its light was tossing in the ripple-tops. We could see them glowing miles away. We were both armed with saber and pistols, for that river was the very highway of adventure in those days of the war.

"Don' jes' like this kind uv a hoss," said D'ri. "Got t' keep whalin' 'im all the while, an' he 's apt t' slobber 'n rough goin'."

He looked thoughtfully at the sun a breath, and then trimmed his remark with these words: "Ain't eggzac'ly sure-footed, nuther."

"Don't require much feed, though," I suggested.

"No; ye hev t' dew all the eatin', but ye can alwus eat 'nough fer both."

[To Be Continued.]

A Good Answer.

"The late Mayor McLane," said a Baltimorean, "told me last year of an occurrence that had befallen a well-known railroad man.

"A humble employe of the road called on this man and asked for a pass to a certain distant point. The official said, with a severe air:

"'You have been working for us for some time, haven't you?'

"'Yes,' said the employe.

"'You have always been paid regularly?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, now, suppose you were working for a farmer. Would you have the nerve to ask this farmer to harness up his horses and drive you a long distance into the country?'

"'No,' said the employe, 'I wouldn't But if the farmer had his horses already harnessed and was going my way, I'd call him a pretty mean fellow if he refused to give me a lift.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

Substitute for the Stick.

A story is told of the four-year-old Prince Knut, son of Prince Christian of Denmark. Recently a dispute arose between his nurse and himself, the cause of the dispute being whether he should or should not take a bath. The arguments terminated in a sponge being thrown in the nurse's face and the royal mama being sent for in hot haste. She decided that Knut was in the wrong, and sent him himself to fetch the cane with which she must beat him. He departed, and after some time he came back again. "I can't find the stick," he said politely, "but here are two stones that you can throw at me."—St. James Gazette.

Wrong Indeed!

"Really, now," said the diner to the waiter, "right down in your heart don't you believe this tipping system is all wrong."

"Indeed I do!" replied the waiter with feeling; "that fellow at the next table to mine has made $2 to-day, and I've only made 20 cents."—Yonkers Statesman.

Unlike Her.

She—He had the impertinence to say I was just like a phonograph because I tell everything that's told to me.

He—Ridiculous.

"Of course it is."

"Yes, because a phonograph always tells it straight."—Philadelphia Press.

Nehemiah Rebuilds Walls of Jerusalem

Sunday School Lesson for Dec. 3, 1905

Specially Prepared for This Paper.

LESSON TEXT.—Nehemiah 4:7-20. Memory verses 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Watch and pray."—Matt. 26:41.

TIME.—After his four months' journey to Jerusalem, Nehemiah spent three days examining the conditions in the city, and following this 52 days were spent in repairing the wall.

PLACE.—Shushan and Jerusalem.

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES. — The Mind to Work.—The Tabernacle, Ex. 35:20-29; 36:1-7. Hezekiah, 2 Chron. 29:30-36; 31:4-12. Josiah, 2 Chron. 34:8-12; 35:8. Zerubbabel, Ezra 3:5. In the New Testament, Mark 12:41-44; 2 Cor. 8:12; 9:6-9.

The Leaders Leading.—Tabernacle, Ex. 35:27, 28; Num. 7. Solomon's Temple, 1 Chron. 28:29; 2 Chron. 2-4. Hezekiah, 2 Chron. 29:20-36. Josiah, 2 Chron. 34:1-7, 29-33; 35:7-11. Paul, Rom. 15:25-28; 1 Cor. 4:9.

In Spite of Opposition from Sneers and Ridicule.—Joseph, Gen. 37:19, 20. David, 1 Sam. 17:28, etc.; 2 Sam. 5:6-8. Christ, Matt. 13:54-57; Mark 15:16-20; Luke 8:52-54. Disciples, Acts 2:12-15.

From Slander.—David, 2 Sam. 6:12-22. Jeremiah, Jer. 37:11-15; 38:1-6. Jews, Esther 3:8, 9; Christ, Matt. 9:34; 26:59. Stephen, Acts 6:11-15; Paul, Acts 24: 5-8.

From Discouragement.—Israel in Egypt, Ex. 5:10-23; Israel in the Wilderness, Num. 13:26-14:5. Elijah, 1 Kings 19:4-18.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

V. 7. "Sanballat:" The leader of the Samaritan community. "Tobiah:" An Ammonite. "The Arabians:" Arabs of the desert. "Ashdodites:" Philistines from Ashdod, a city on the Mediterranean coast. All these natural foes of one another united for the purpose of attacking the Jews. When any good work is undertaken Satan's allies for the time unite to resist it.

V. 8. "Conspired:" Meaning "to breathe together," as singers may be said to breathe in unison. It is the word used for any secret treachery. "To come and fight:" They arranged to make an attack upon the city. "To hinder it:" Rev. Ver., "cause confusion therein:" To terrify the timid, and discourage those already disaffected.

V. 9. "Made our prayer . . . set a watch:" Work and prayer were united, as the blades of a pair of scissors. Watchfulness without prayer is presumption, and prayer without watchfulness is mockery. "Because of them:" Rather, "over against them." Opposite to the point at which attack was looked for.

V. 10. Nehemiah enumerates his three sources of discouragement: (1) Workers became weary and disheartened, or were in secret sympathy with the enemy (v. 10). (2) The enemy boasted, threatened, and planned to surprise them (v. 11). (3) Jews of neighboring towns came repeatedly with tales of the plots of the enemy, and tried to draw away their townsmen who were assisting. (V. 12).

V. 11. "Our adversaries said," etc. The plan of the adversaries seems to have been to watch and surprise, rather than to make an open attack.

V. 12. "Which dwelt . . . said:" Those Jews who resided in neighboring towns came repeatedly to tell workers in Jerusalem of the threats and plans of the enemy, and to exhort their fellow-townsmen to return for the protection of their own homes.

V. 13. "Therefore:" So many difficulties beset Nehemiah that he was compelled in part to suspend his building operations, and now showed his ability as a general in preparing for defense.

V. 14. "Looked:" Inspected the guards. "Rose up:" Stood to order the forces, as he saw the enemy approaching. "Remember the Lord:" Nehemiah would have his people rely wholly upon God, and for the present occasion the thought that God is "great and terrible" to His foes and the foes of His people would be a most stimulating one.

V. 15. "When our enemies heard," etc. The enemies, finding themselves unable to take the city unawares, seemed for a time to abandon their purpose. "God had brought their counsel to naught:" Vain are the counsels of those who plot against God (Ps. 2:1-4).

V. 16. "My servants:" The governor's bodyguard, which probably consisted of a large company of slaves he had brought from Susa.

V. 18. "Sword girded by his side:" This weapon was used for fighting an enemy at close range, and could be borne at the side, and yet not hinder the work of the builders.

V. 19. "Nobles and rulers:" He seems to have given places of prominence to recognized leaders among the people, and to have endeavored to arouse the patriotism and keep up the energy of those that might encourage their followers.

V. 20. "In what place . . . resort thither:" The agreement was that when the trumpet should be heard, work was to stop immediately and all gather to the point whence it sounded, prepared for battle. A Divine promise was connected with the use of the trumpet in battle (Num. 10:9). Its blast, therefore, reminded the combatants that God was with them.

Practical Points.

V. 8. Not all the forces of earth and hell can overthrow what God upholds.—Ps. 2:3-4.

V. 9. Spiritual vigilance must be exercised at the points most liable to the attacks of the enemy.—Ps. 141:3.

V. 10. God can show His power and strength when men realize their weakness.—Isa. 40:29.

V. 14. The Christian life in this world must be a ceaseless warfare against evil. He must fight for himself and others.—1. Tim. 6:12.

V. 15. God calls each of His children to special work. Matt 21-28.

Sacred Fishing Nets.

To appreciate the dignity of the net-maker's profession one needs to know the sacredness of the fishing net, and the protection which the law affords. At Gloucester they used to quarantine a town stricken with smallpox by placing fishing nets about it, for the legal penalty for disturbing the nets was so great that no one dared to break through.

Raffle for Heirs.

One of the oddest wills was one recently executed, by which the estate of W. H. Mainwaring, of Carlton, Victoria, was divided into six equal shares. The six children of the testator drew from a box envelopes containing numbers corresponding to these portions, and each accepted without question that portion assigned by chance.

Copper in China.

It is said that there are 10,000 tons of copper in Shanghai, not removed from the importers' grounds by the Chinese governmental representatives, because of a decrease in the demand for the copper or brass 10-cash, or "1-cent" piece, for the coinage of which this copper was purchased.

Boston Library Books.

In the fifty-fourth annual report of the Boston public library, recently issued, it is stated that 42,891 books were added by gift, purchase or otherwise, last year, and 597 volumes of English prose fiction were received for examination and carefully considered.

Blueberries in Vermont.

The blueberry canning factory at Island Point, Vt., has just shut down after canning 300,000 gallons of product. Over 1,500,000 pounds of berries have been used, and seven carloads of lumber were required to box the goods for shipment.

Escaped Being Referee.

First Boy—Where's dat kid dat wuz going ter referee de football game fer us dis afternoon?

Second Boy—He jest got run over by an automobile and six ribs broken.

"Gee, but dat kid is lucky!"—Life.

Protect Quails.

Quails are now so scarce in Europe that both France and Germany have prohibited the killing of the birds, even the transport of dead quails across their respective territories being forbidden.

An Idea of Men.

"Some men don't know much until they are 26," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "and then they often forget what little they did know."—Yonkers Statesman.

Economy in France.

Nothing goes to waste in France. Even the smallest twigs are carefully gathered by the fagot makers, whose bunches retail in town and city for five cents apiece.

In French Prisons.

Statistics of prisons show that 12 men to one woman are imprisoned in this country. In France the proportion is five to one.

Helps Russian Poor.

Countess Witte, in commemoration of the successful mission of her husband, has given $5,000 to the poor of St. Petersburg.

Slavery Under England.

Slavery still exists in British East Africa, the English government having refused to abolish its legal status.

MARKET REPORTS.

Cincinnati, Nov. 24.			
CATTLE—Common .	$2 75	@	3 75
Heavy steers	4 65	@	4 75
CALVES—Extra		@	8 00
HOGS—Ch. packers .	4 85	@	4 90
Mixed packers	4 80	@	4 90
SHEEP—Extra	4 65	@	4 75
LAMBS—Extra	7 35	@	7 40
FLOUR—Spring pat.	5 15	@	5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	88½	@	89½
No. 3 red		@	85½
CORN—No. 3 mixed.		@	44
No. 3 white		@	46
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	33
RYE—No. 2	72	@	74
HAY—Ch. timothy .		@	13 75
PORK—Mess		@	15 10
LARD—Steam		@	7 37½
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@	15
Choice creamery ..		@	25½
APPLES—Choice ...	3 00	@	4 25
POTATOES—Per bbl	2 00	@	2 25
TOBACCO—New	5 00	@	13 00
Old	4 50	@	14 75
Chicago.			
FLOUR—Winter pat.	5 10	@	5 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	83¾	@	85½
No. 3 red.....	80	@	86
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	46
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	29¼
RYE—No. 2		@	67
PORK—Mess	13 45	@	13 50
LARD—Steam	7 00	@	7 02½
New York.			
FLOUR—Win. st'rts.	3 95	@	4 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	91¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	57½
OATS—No. 2 mixed	35	@	36
RYE—Western		@	76
PORK—Mess		@	16 50
LARD—Steam		@	7 55
Baltimore.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	84	@	84½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	36	@	37½
CATTLE—Steers ...	4 00	@	4 60
SHEEP—No. 1	2 00	@	2 50
Louisville.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	91	@	92
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	55
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	32½	@	32
PORK—Mess		@	12 80
LARD—Steam		@	7 50
Indianapolis.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	88
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	48¾
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	29½